NUMBER 10

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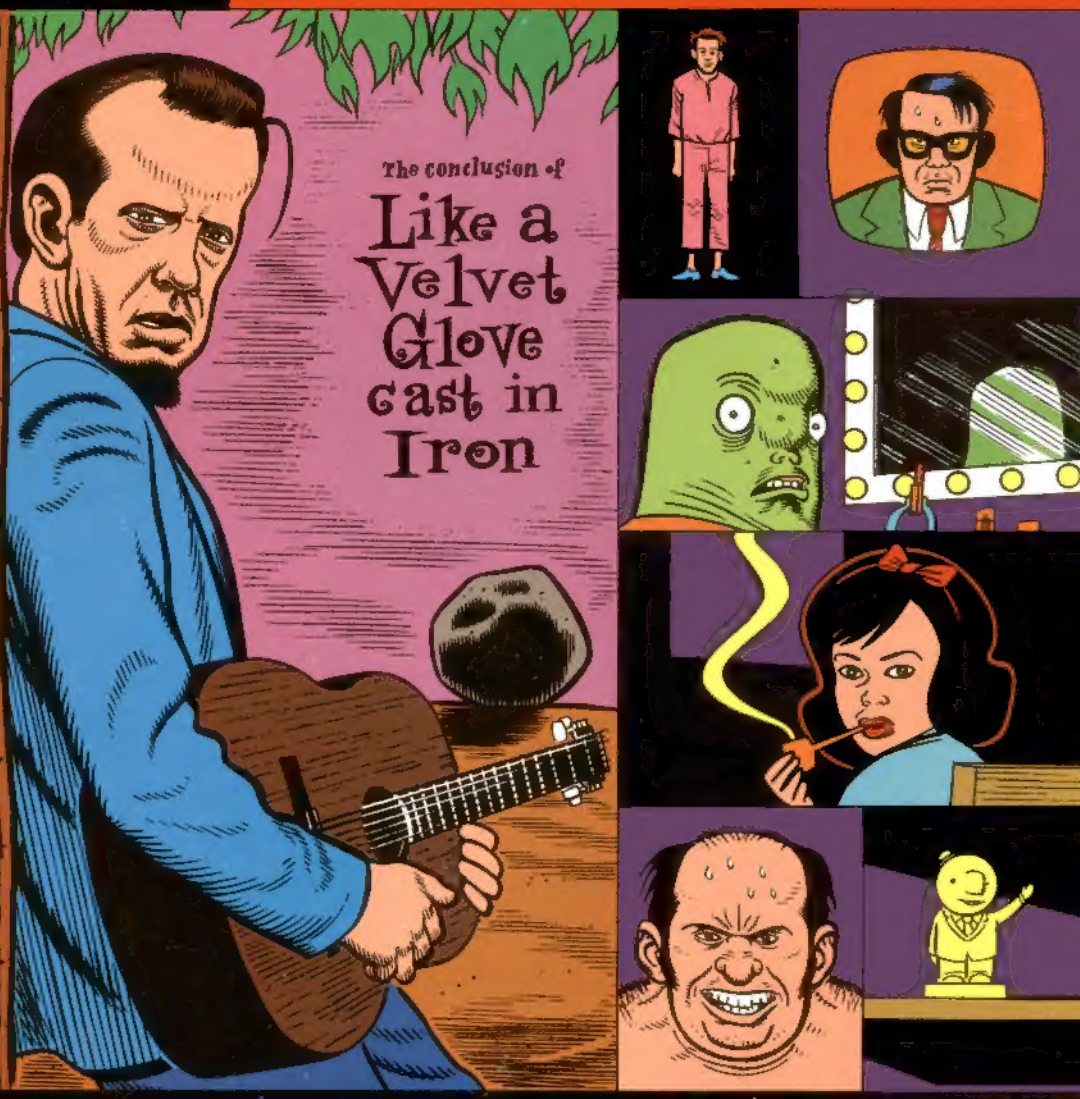
FOR MATURE READERS

eightball

By Daniel Clowes

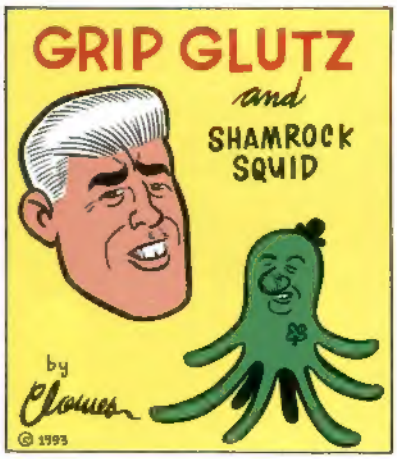
Inside:



and ...

A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE

Remember, EIGHTBALL readers...
GOD has a HARD-ON for YOU!
AWK!
EIGHTBALL
EIGHTBALL
the Big Favorite


GRIP GLUTZ
and
SHAMROCK SQUID
by
Clowes
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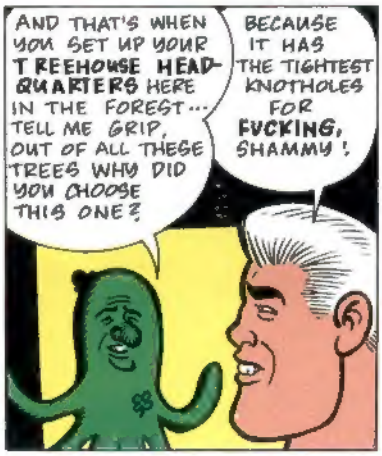
AND WHAT WOULD YE BE DOIN' THAR, GRIP M'LAD?
READING MY OLD LOG BOOK, SHAMMY... WE SURE HAVE HAD SOME ADVENTURES!
THAT WE HAVE LAD, THAT WE HAVE!

D'YE RECALL TH' TIME I HAPPENED UPON YE WHILE YE WERE PLAYIN' HIDE THE SHILLELAGH WITH THE SHIP-CAPTAIN'S WIFE?
HA HA HA DO I EVER! HERE IT IS ON PAGE 109! WE SURE DO GO BACK A LONG WAY, SHAMMY!
AYE, LAD!

BUT YE HAD ANOTHER SIDEKICK BEFORE WE MET... A LAD WISE BEYOND HIS YEARS, WASN'T HE?
THAT'S RIGHT, SHAMMY, BUT THE AUTHORITIES TOOK HIM AWAY WHEN THEY FOUND OUT I WAS FUCKING HIM!


AND THAT'S WHEN YOU SET UP YOUR TREEHOUSE HEAD-QUARTERS HERE IN THE FOREST... TELL ME GRIP, OUT OF ALL THESE TREES WHY DID YOU CHOOSE THIS ONE?
BECAUSE IT HAS THE TIGHTEST KNOTHOLES FOR FUCKING, SHAMMY!

IT SEEMS AS THO' YOU'LL FUCK ANYTHING, GRIP... HOW IS IT THAT YOU'VE NEVER TAKEN A SHOT AT ME... IS IT JUST BECAUSE I'M A SQUID?
NO SHAMMY, IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE IRISH!
And the moral of the story is: NOTHING

LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON

Daniel Clowes

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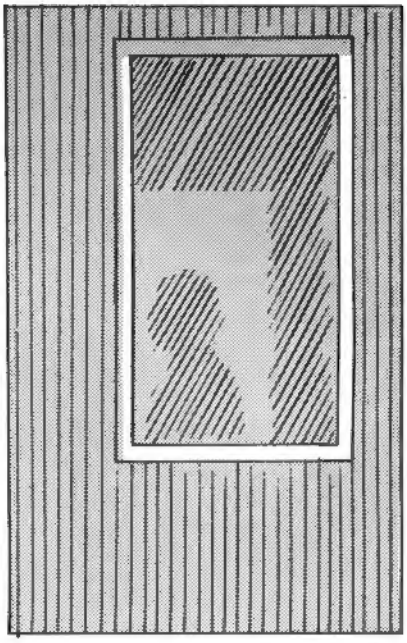
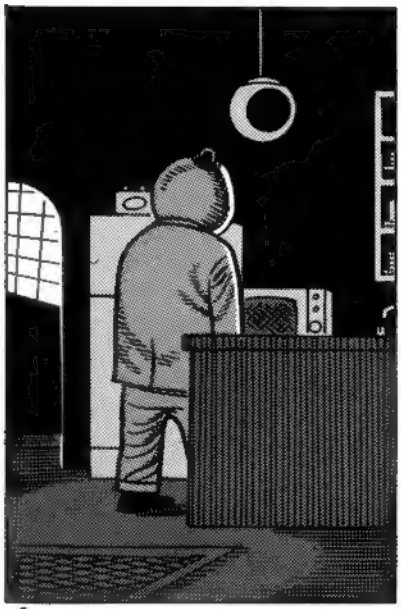
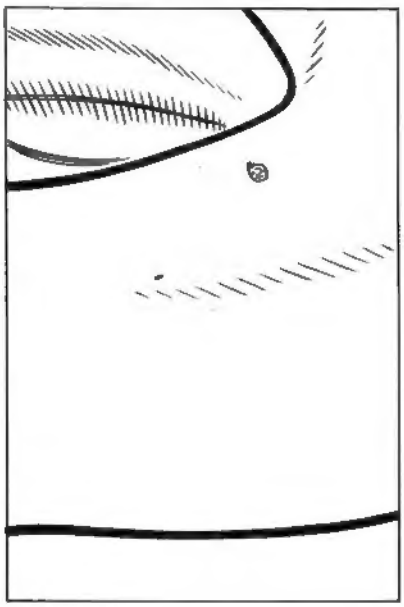
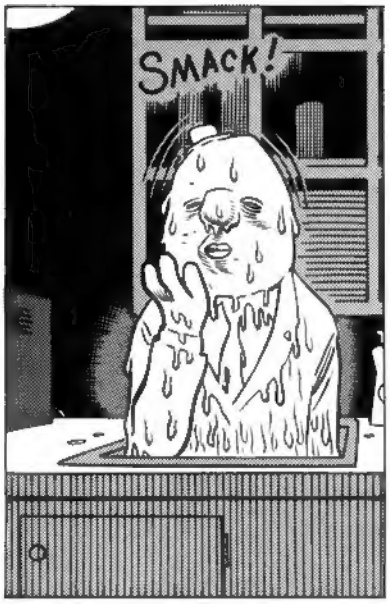
AAAAAAA
GOD DAMN IT, WON'T YOU SHUT UP!

AAAAA





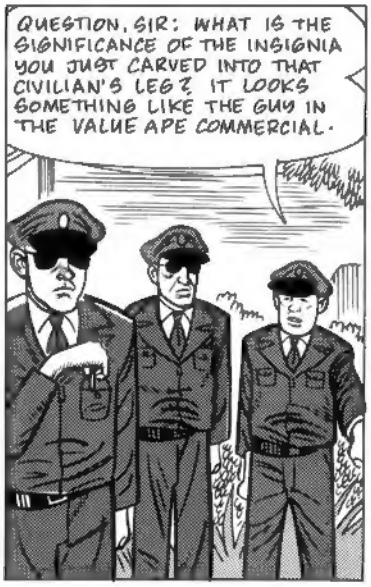


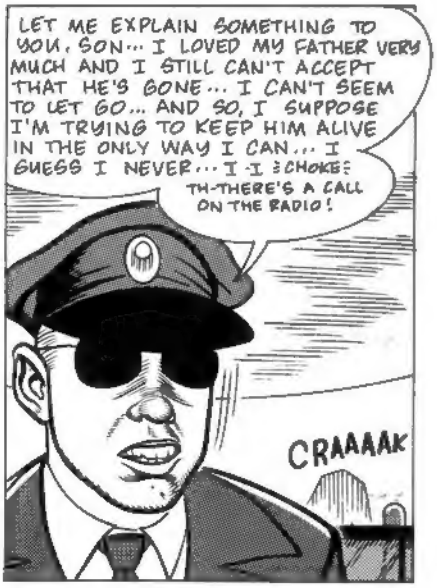

SMACK!

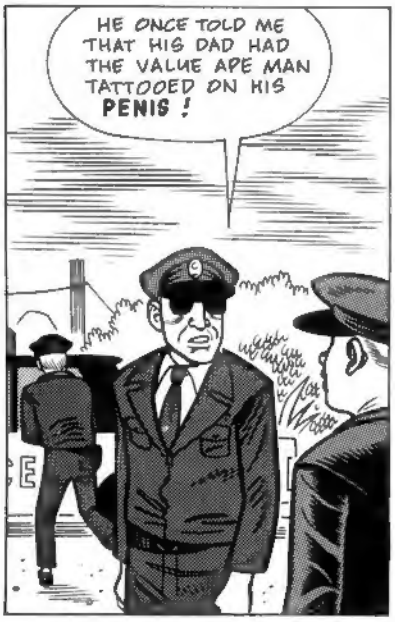
SHHHHLUUKKK

HE'S HAD IT.
DO HIM!

HE GOT OFF EASY! WE COULD HAVE A-67ED HIS ASS WITH A CODE 623!


QUESTION, SIR: WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INSIGNIA YOU JUST CARVED INTO THAT CIVILIAN'S LEG? IT LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE THE GUY IN THE VALUE APE COMMERCIAL.

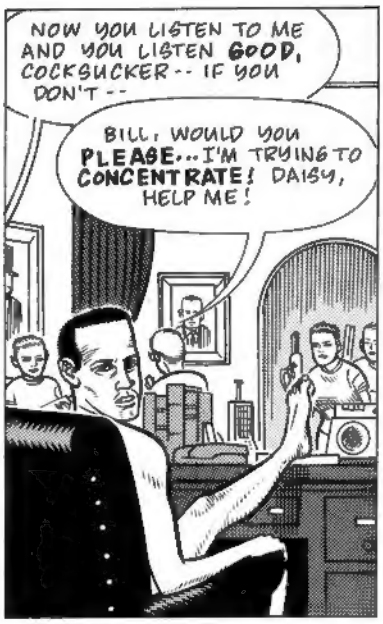

LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU, SON... I LOVED MY FATHER VERY MUCH AND I STILL CAN'T ACCEPT THAT HE'S GONE... I CAN'T SEEM TO LET GO... AND SO, I SUPPOSE I'M TRYING TO KEEP HIM ALIVE IN THE ONLY WAY I CAN... I GUESS I NEVER... I I :CHOKE:
TH-THERE'S A CALL ON THE RADIO!
CRAAAAK


HE ONCE TOLD ME THAT HIS DAD HAD THE VALUE APE MAN TATTOOED ON HIS PENIS!

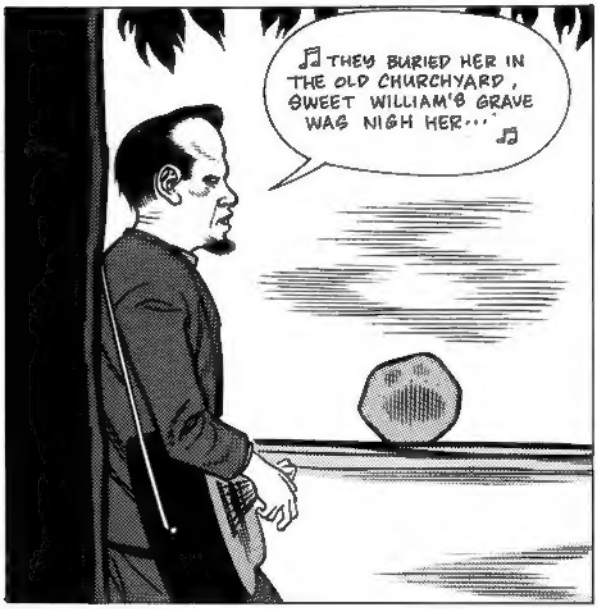
LISTEN TO THIS-- SOME HIPPIES HAVE OVERTHROWN THE WHITE HOUSE! WE'RE IN A POLICE STATE!!

IT'S SHO-O-OWTIME!!

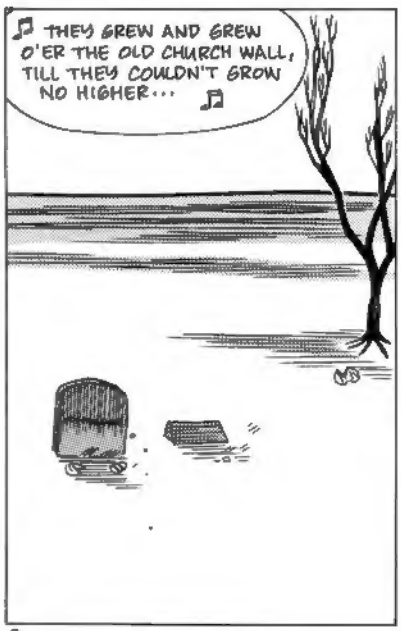
--HEAR ME OUT, SON--YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE! IF YOU LET ME GO NOW, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT--
BILL··· BILL··· PLEASE!

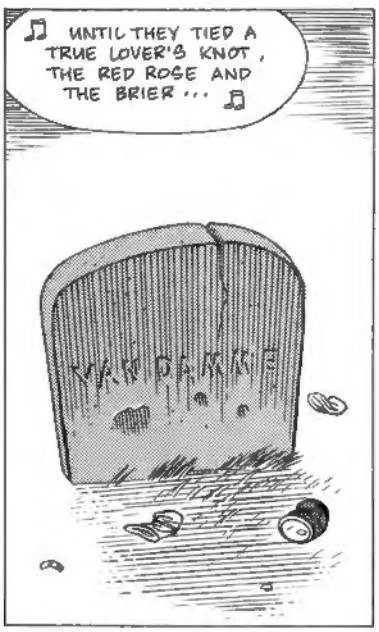

NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME AND YOU LISTEN GOOD, COCKSUCKER-- IF YOU DON'T--
BILL, WOULD YOU PLEASE··· I'M TRYING TO CONCENTRATE! DAISY, HELP ME!

YOU HEARD HIM-- SHUT THE FUCK UP!


♫ THEY BURIED HER IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD, SWEET WILLIAM'S GRAVE WAS NIGH HER··· ♫

♫ AND FROM HIS HEART GREW A RED, RED ROSE ··· AND FROM HER HEART A BRIER··· ♫


♫ THEY GREW AND GREW O'ER THE OLD CHURCH WALL, TILL THEY COULDN'T GROW NO HIGHER··· ♫


♫ UNTIL THEY TIED A TRUE LOVER'S KNOT, THE RED ROSE AND THE BRIER··· ♫

···Yeah, I called her that··· I swear to God! ···I'll be okay, I've got some savings bonds my real Dad left me and I'm gonna get a job··· If she calls you don't tell her you talked to me!
EPOT

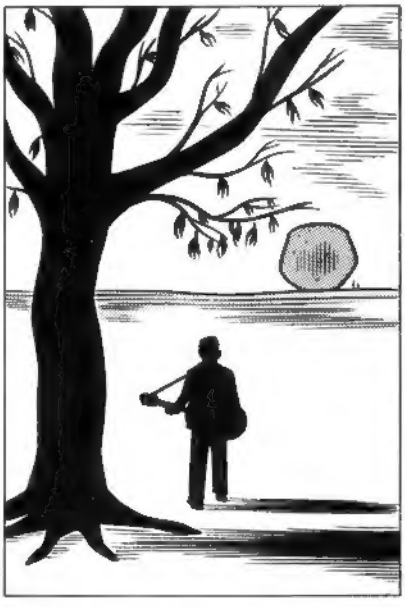
Hey! There's other customers in here!
the HAT
CUPID'S
Wedding Ch
..Scavenger will tow it away and you'll get cash on the spot!
DUAL Breakfast
CLOSE
...We all make mistakes ...I want you to think about what I said, darling...We'll go up north and I'll introduce you to my friends.
...Fuck him!
A goddess has fallen among us! Forgive my rudeness, but I am unworthy to meet your gaze...

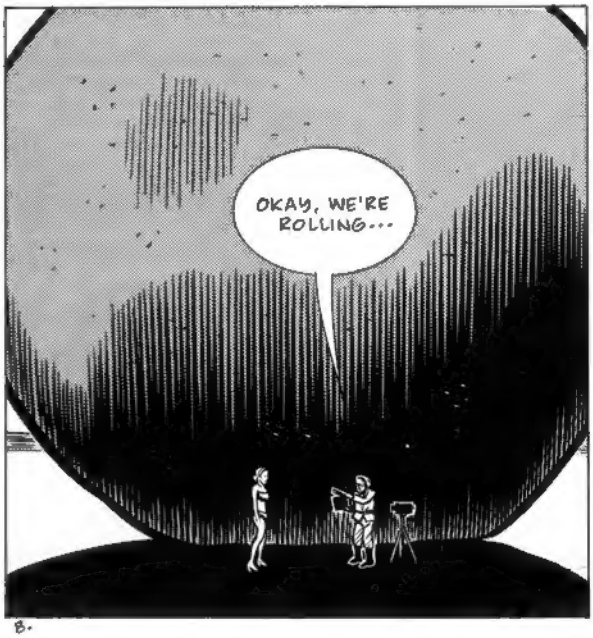
WHIRRRRR

Allright Precious, the young man has entered the room where Barbara Allen is sleeping... What happens next?
He fucks her and then he kills her...
Kills her? My goodness, Precious... how?
He shoots her in the head.

Darling, would you like to look at the script before we shoot this scene?
Surprise me.
BARBARA ALLEN

VAN DAMME

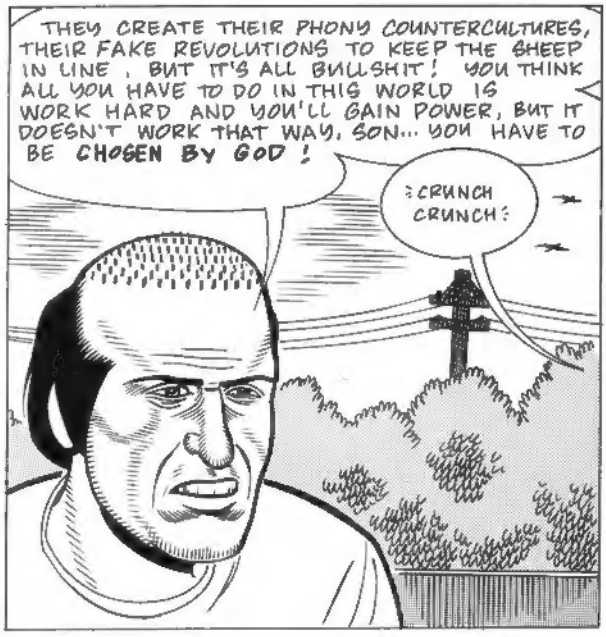



OKAY, WE'RE ROLLING...

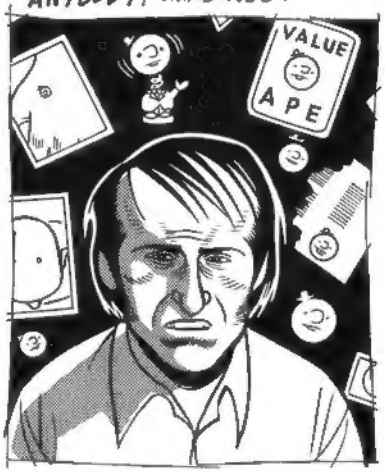
CLACK!
INTERESTING PRODUCTIONS
"BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS"
SC: 4A
TAKE:
DIR: WILDE

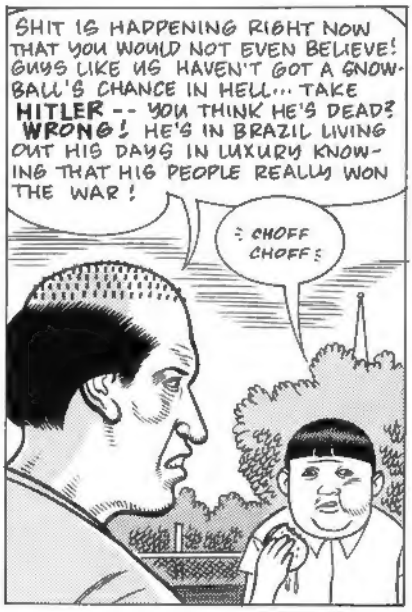
Meanwhile...
?
I'M SICK OF EVERYBODY USING MY STORE AS A THROUGH STREET!

Meanwhile...
THE MEDIA, THE POLITICIANS, THE RICH AND POWERFUL-- THEY'RE ALL PART OF IT... THEY'VE ALL BEEN "ENDOWED" ...
the LUNCH PLATTER
menu

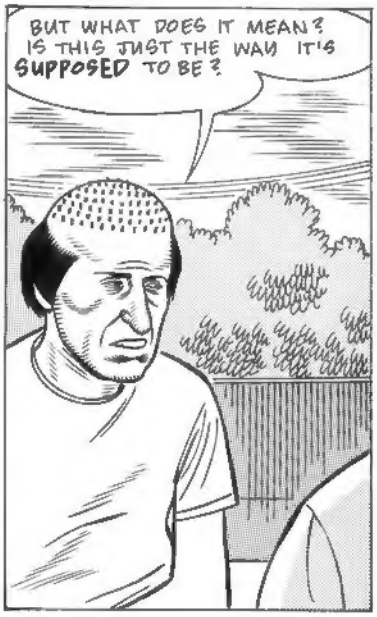

THEY CREATE THEIR PHONY COUNTERCULTURES, THEIR FAKE REVOLUTIONS TO KEEP THE SHEEP IN LINE. BUT IT'S ALL BULLSHIT! YOU THINK ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IN THIS WORLD IS WORK HARD AND YOU'LL GAIN POWER, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY, SON... YOU HAVE TO BE CHOSEN BY GOD!
:CRUNCH CRUNCH:

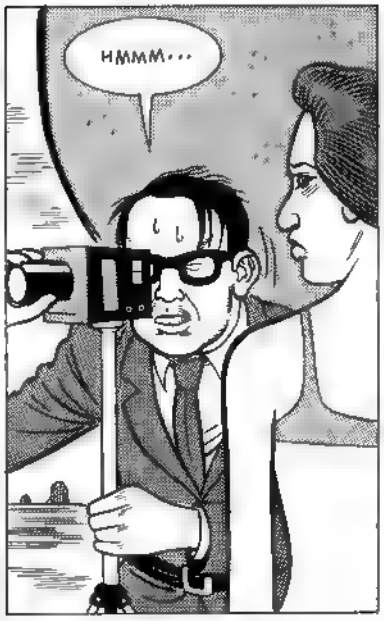
THERE ARE STILL SO MANY PIECES TO THE PUZZLE I DON'T HAVE YET... AND I GOT MORE THAN JUST ABOUT ANYBODY ON THIS THING! NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY, BUT I'VE SEEN IT, GODDAMMIT!

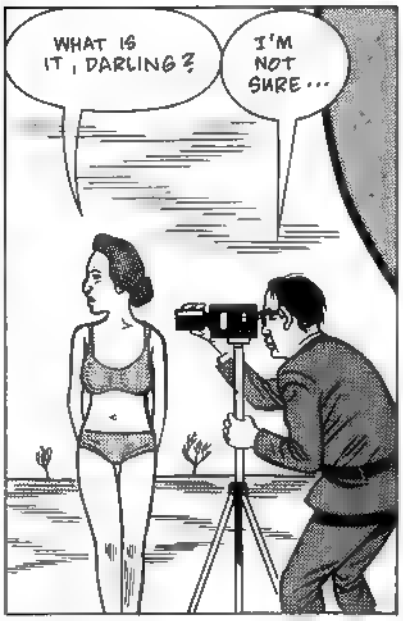

"HIM", "IT", WHATEVER... I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES! AND I'VE COLLECTED PROOF THAT THIS IS BIGGER THAN ANYBODY, AND I MEAN ANYBODY, IMAGINES!
VALUE
APE

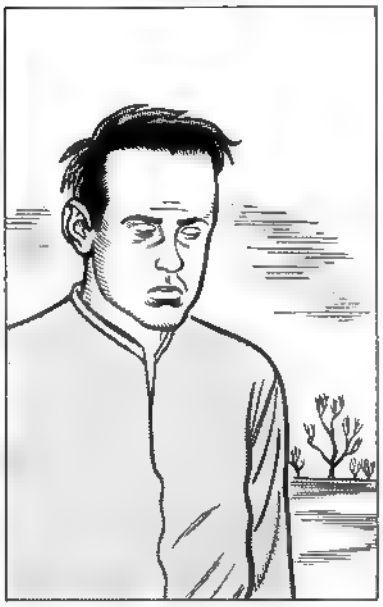

SHIT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW THAT YOU WOULD NOT EVEN BELIEVE! GUYS LIKE US HAVEN'T GOT A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN HELL... TAKE HITLER -- YOU THINK HE'S DEAD? WRONG! HE'S IN BRAZIL LIVING OUT HIS DAYS IN LUXURY KNOWING THAT HIS PEOPLE REALLY WON THE WAR!
:CHOFF CHOFF:

HIS PEOPLE AND OUR PEOPLE ARE ONE IN THE GAME... THEY'RE ALL THE ENEMY! WHO'S IN CONTROL OF OUR LIVES? NOT US, THEM!
♫ In einer bar in Mexico... ♫

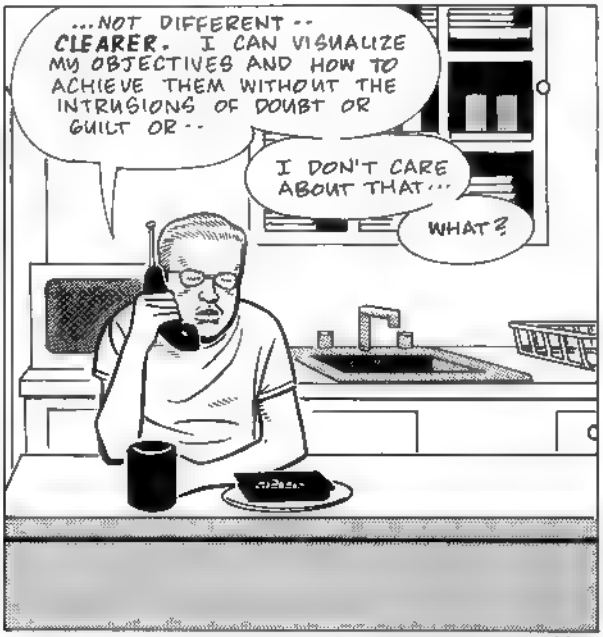

BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN? IS THIS JUST THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE?

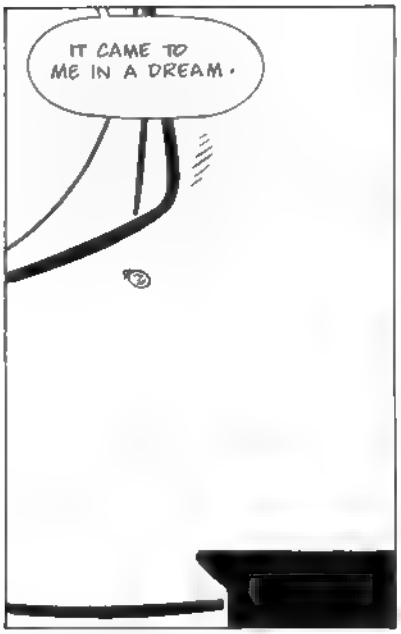

HMMM...

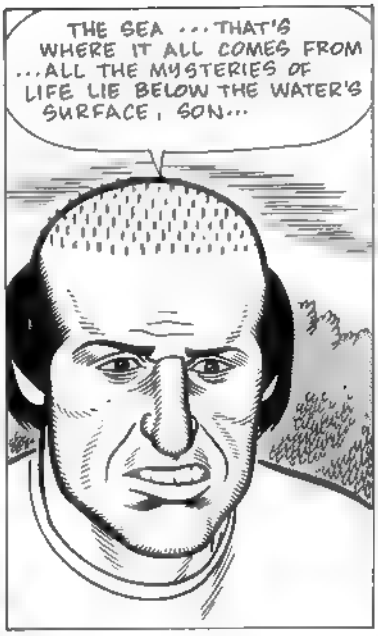

WHAT IS IT, DARLING?
I'M NOT SURE...



AAAAAAAAA
PLEASE STOP CRYING... PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!


...NOT DIFFERENT -- CLEARER. I CAN VISUALIZE MY OBJECTIVES AND HOW TO ACHIEVE THEM WITHOUT THE INTRUSIONS OF DOUBT OR GUILT OR --
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT...
WHAT?

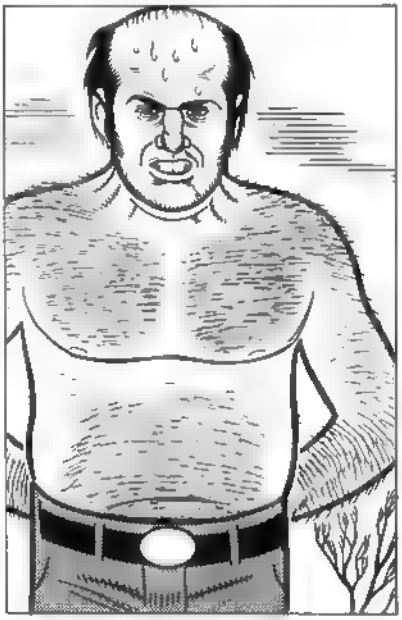


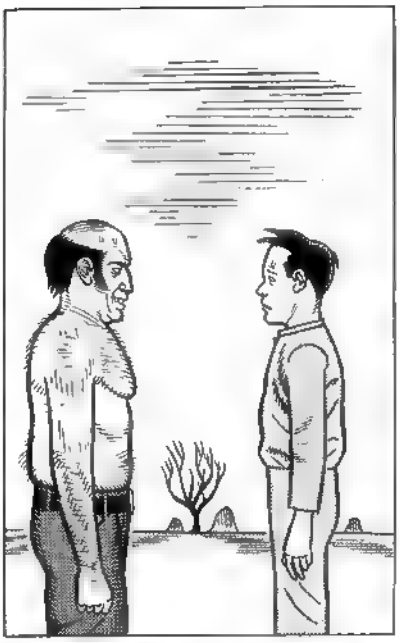


LIFE BEGAN IN THE SEA...

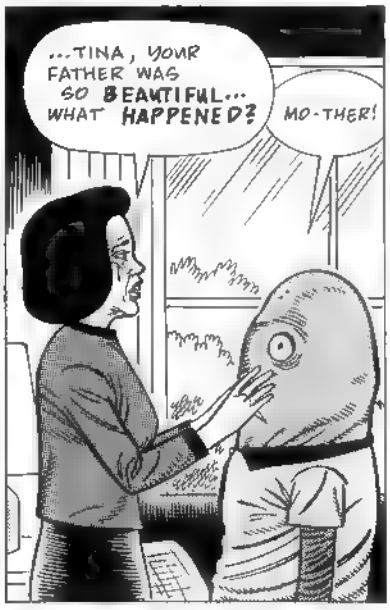
IT EVOLVED AND WALKED ON TWO LEGS AND FIGURED OUT HOW TO FLY TO THE MOON BUT IT NEVER LOST SIGHT OF WHERE IT CAME FROM...

HOW DID IT ALL BEGIN? WHAT WAS THERE BEFORE? WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP? THESE ARE THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE, SON... WHATEVER I SAW OUT THERE MAY NOT HAVE THE ANSWERS BUT HE KNOWS MORE THAN WE DO...

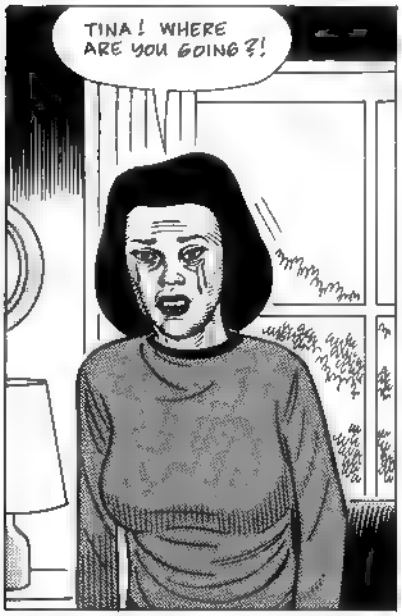


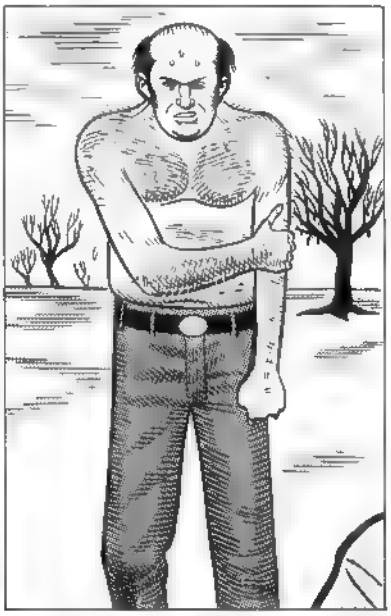


MOTHER?


...TINA, YOUR FATHER WAS SO BEAUTIFUL... WHAT HAPPENED?
MO-THER!

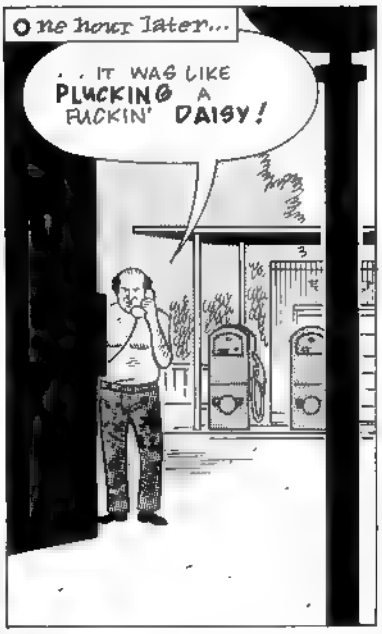
WHAT HAPPENED?
MOTHER-- =SOB= STOP!!

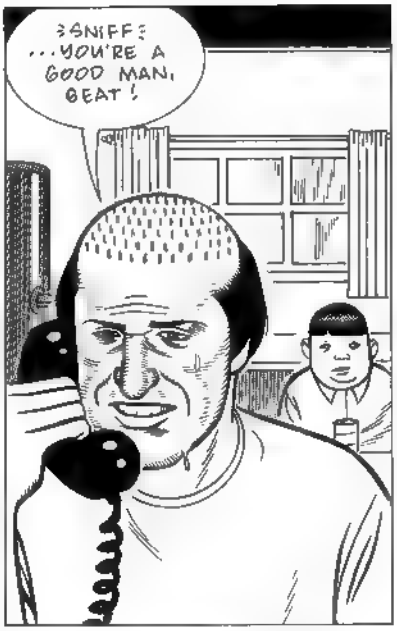

TINA! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

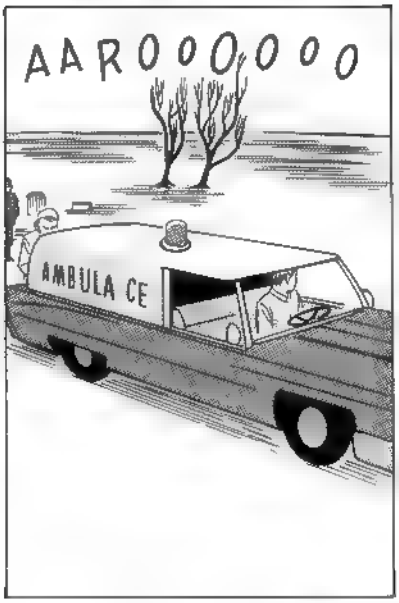


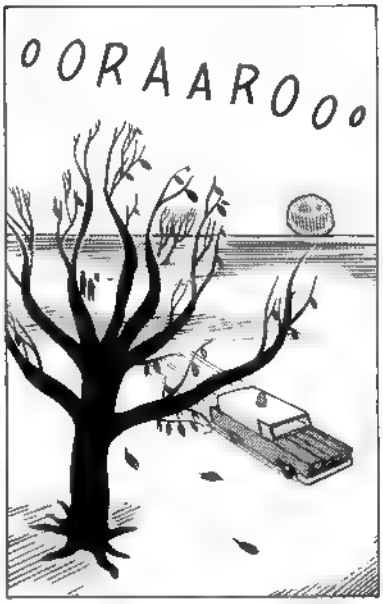
♫ YOU HAVEN'T AN ARM AND YOU HAVEN'T A LEG, YOU'RE AN EYELESS, BONELESS, CHICKENLESS EGG... ♫

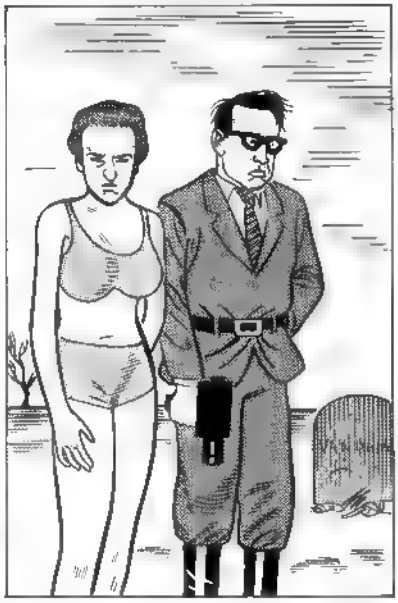
AAAAAAA

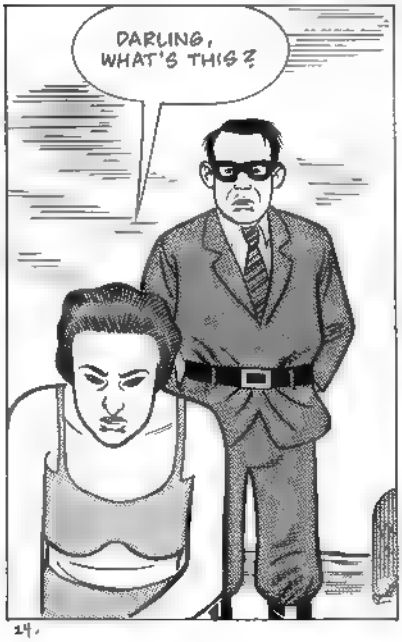

One hour later...
. . IT WAS LIKE PLUCKING A FUCKIN' DAISY!

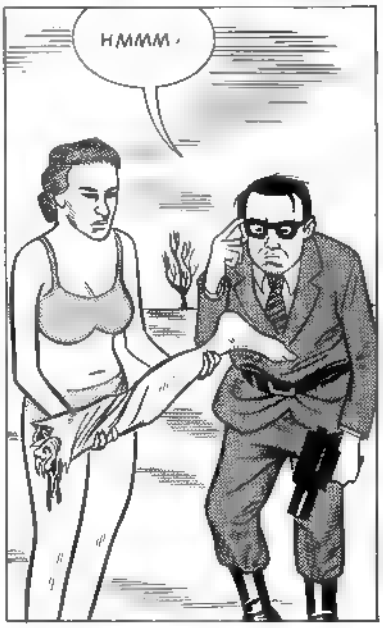

:SNIFF: ...YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, BEAT!

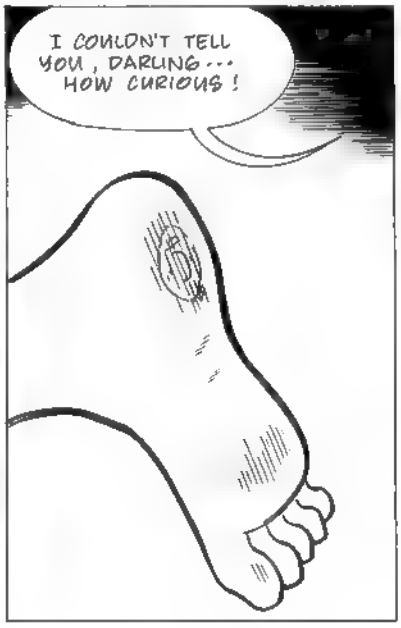

AAROOOOOO
AMBULA CE


OORAAROOO

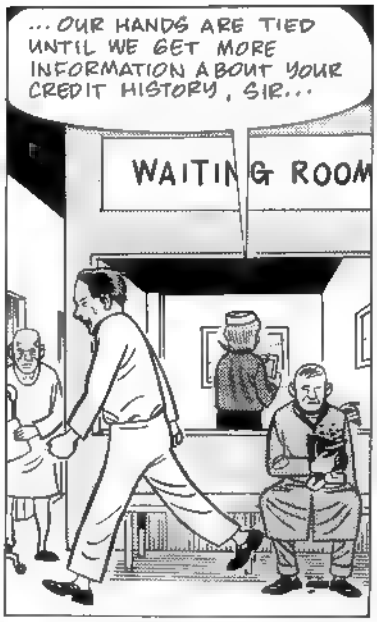



DARLING, WHAT'S THIS?


HMMM.

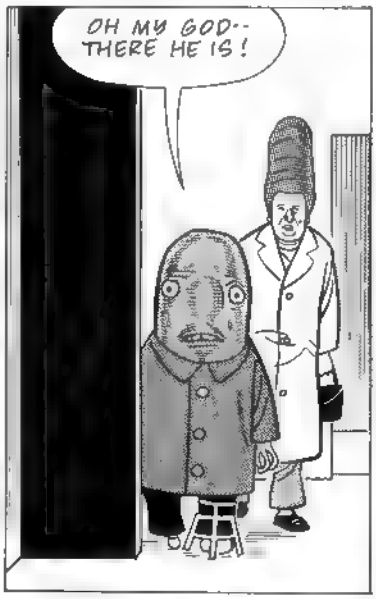

I COULDN'T TELL YOU, DARLING... HOW CURIOUS!

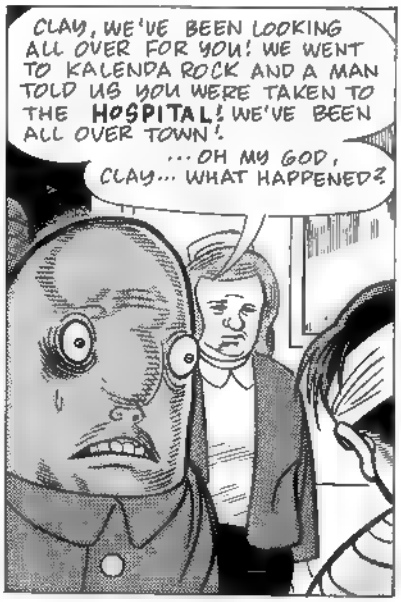
That evening...
Ol' Dutch's
HOSPITAL
SAV-MOR


...OUR HANDS ARE TIED UNTIL WE GET MORE INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR CREDIT HISTORY, SIR...
WAITING ROOM

...DO YOU KNOW WHO HANDLES YOUR PRIMARY COVERAGE?

...IF YOU COULD JUST FILL OUT THE SHORT FORM WE COULD RUN A CHECK AND IF EVERYTHING CLEARS WE COULD PROBABLY GET YOU IN A BED BY TONIGHT...


OH MY GOD-- THERE HE IS!


CLAY, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! WE WENT TO KALENDA ROCK AND A MAN TOLD US YOU WERE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL! WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER TOWN!
...OH MY GOD, CLAY... WHAT HAPPENED?

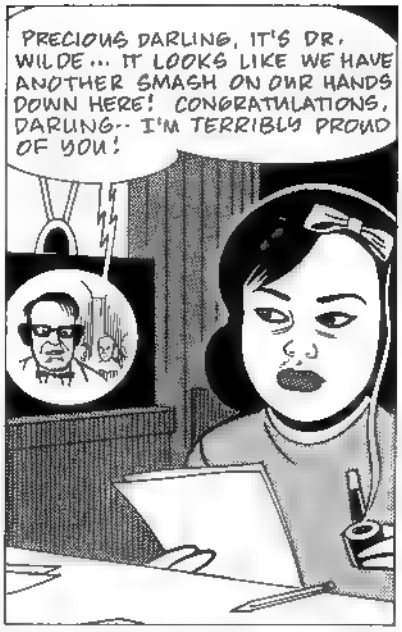
G-G-G-GURGLE--?

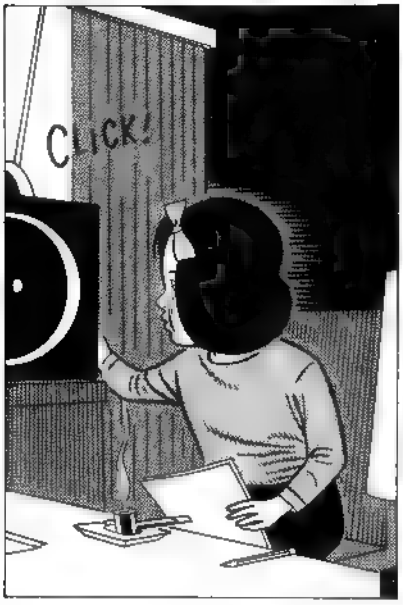
Meanwhile..

WHUMP!
Eight months later...

the End.

CLAP CLAP CLAP
BRAVO!
BRAVO, DOCTOR!


PRECIOUS DARLING, IT'S DR. WILDE... IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE ANOTHER SMASH ON OUR HANDS DOWN HERE! CONGRATULATIONS, DARLING-- I'M TERRIBLY PROUD OF YOU!

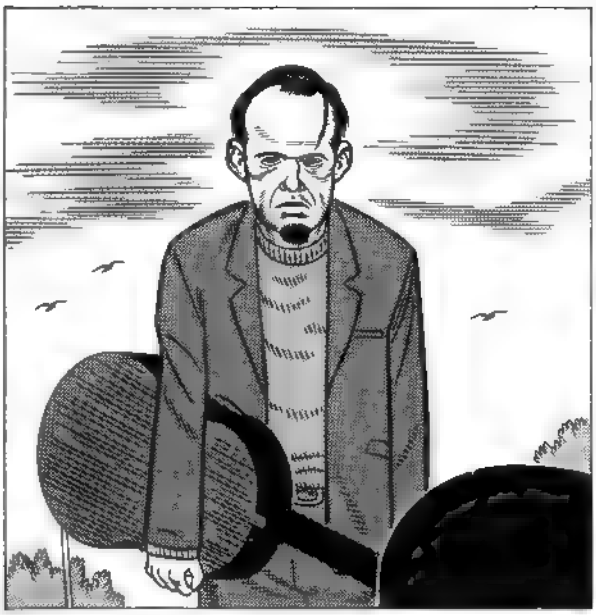

CLICK!

I DON'T GET MY RATION CARD STAMPED UNTIL MONDAY SO WE'RE HAVING PANCAKES AGAIN... GOD DAMN IT-- THERE'S NO WATER!
TSSS

IT'S ALMOST TIME TO EAT, CLAY... HOW'S IT GOING?

I DUNNO... I CAN'T SEEM TO GET STARTED...

OH CLAY, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!



The End.

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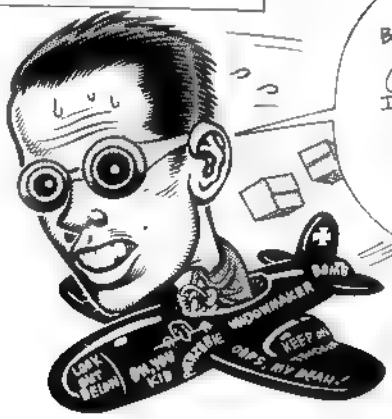
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

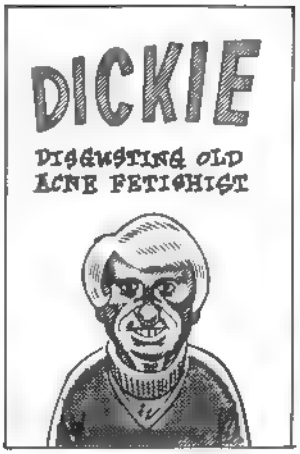
LETTERS TO EIGHTBALL



SORRY GANG, NO TIME FOR LETTERS THIS ISH! I HAVE TAKEN TO THE ROAD, FORSAKING MY BELOVED HOMELAND AND FALLING PREY TO THE LURE OF **WESTWARD MIGRATION**! AFTER A SPELL IN HOLLYWOOD (THE HATEFUL BILE INSPIRED BY WHICH BEGINS NEXT ISSUE) I HAVE AT LAST COME TO DWELL AMONGST THE **FREE-LOVIN', GLUE-HUFFIN', YIPPIE NUDISTS** OF ALAMEDA COUNTY, CA. IN ORDER TO TAP INTO THE FORGOTTEN SPIRIT OF **UNDERGROUND COMIX EXCELLENCE** THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE HALLMARK OF THIS AREA! LOOK FOR THE LETTERS PAGE TO RETURN IN THE NEW, IMPROVED EIGHTBALL #11!

NOTE NEW ADDRESS:

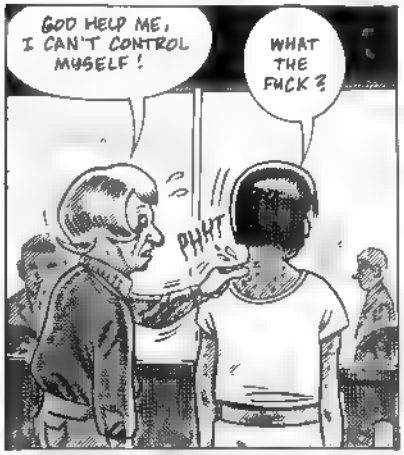
EIGHTBALL
2140 SHATTUCK AVE. #2107
BERKELEY, CA. 94704

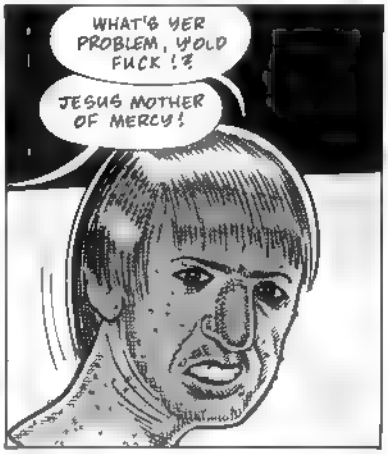

DICKIE
DISGUSTING OLD ACNE FETICHIST

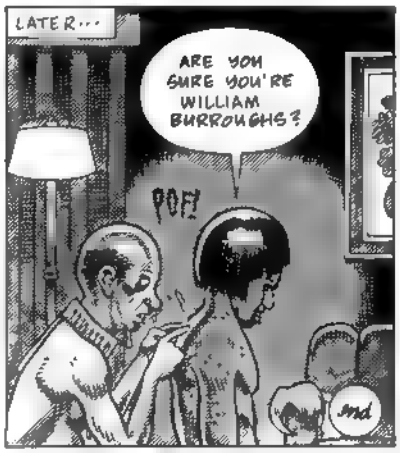
DICKIE STOPS IN AT THE BANK TO CASH HIS DISABILITY CHECK...
OUTTA MY WAY, POPS!
MOVE IT!
GODDAMN YOU KIDS!

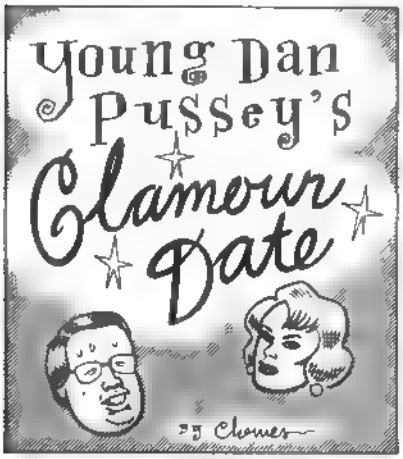
MERCIFUL HEAVENS!

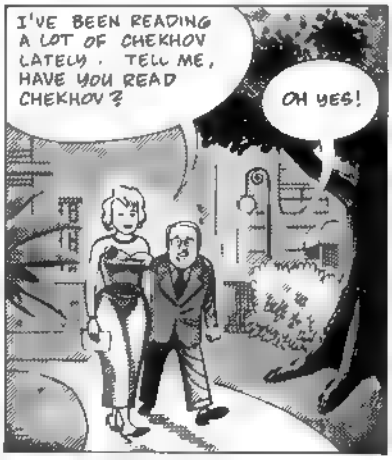
GNNNGH!

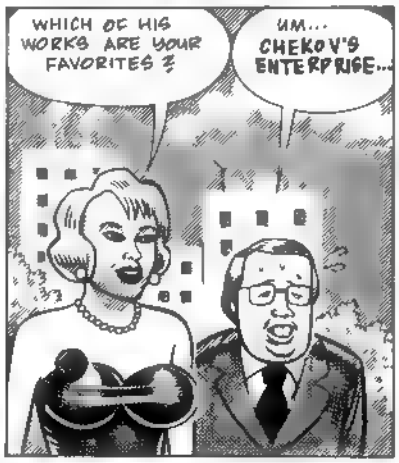

GOD HELP ME, I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF!
WHAT THE FUCK?
PHHT

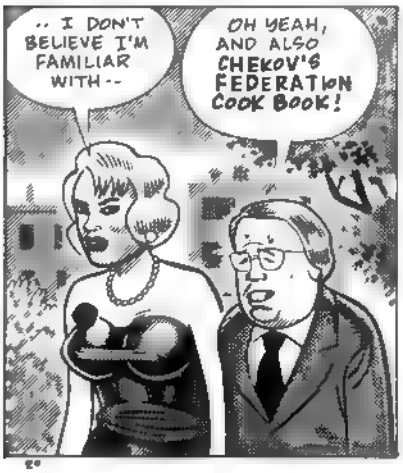

WHAT'S YER PROBLEM, YOLD FUCK!?
JESUS MOTHER OF MERCY!

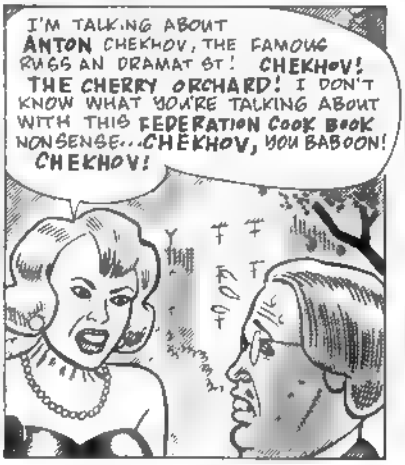

LATER...
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE WILLIAM BURROUGHS?
POF!
md


Young Dan Pussey's Glamour Date
JJ Chomer


I'VE BEEN READING A LOT OF CHEKHOV LATELY. TELL ME, HAVE YOU READ CHEKHOV?
OH YES!


WHICH OF HIS WORKS ARE YOUR FAVORITES?
UM... CHEKOV'S ENTERPRISE...


.. I DON'T BELIEVE I'M FAMILIAR WITH--
OH YEAH, AND ALSO CHEKOV'S FEDERATION COOK BOOK!

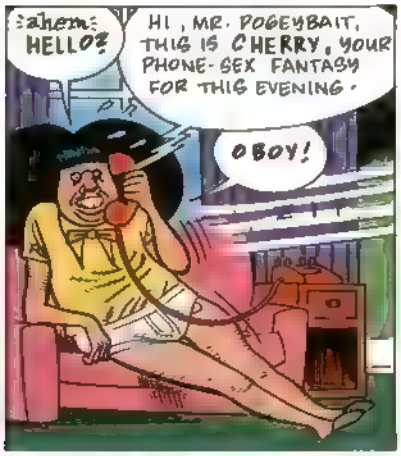

I'M TALKING ABOUT ANTON CHEKHOV, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DRAMATIST! CHEKHOV! THE CHERRY ORCHARD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT WITH THIS FEDERATION COOK BOOK NONSENSE...CHEKHOV, YOU BABOON! CHEKHOV!

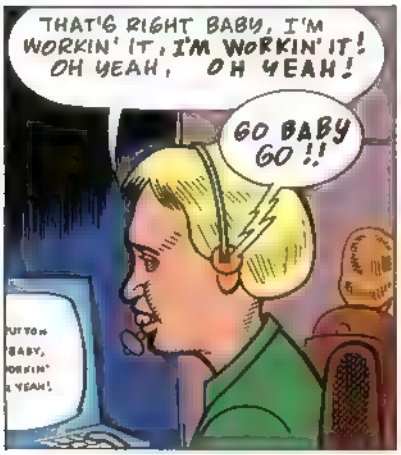
THAT REMINDS ME, I'VE GOT SOME NEW COMICS TO CHECK OFF ON MY CHECKLIST!
The End

ZUBRICK'S PAL

POGEYBAIT

By: Daniel G. Clowes



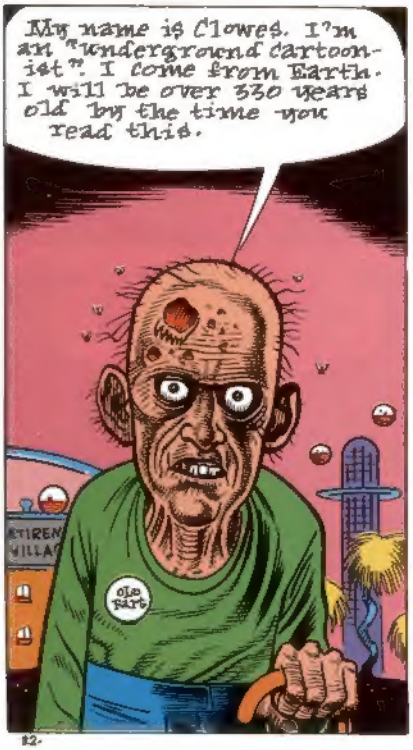


Attention readers of the present day (that being the last decade of the 20th century): **GO NO FURTHER. THIS IS NOT FOR YOU!** This is a **TIME CAPSULE**. I'm here on the moon burying it to one day be dug-up and studied by your heirs in the 23rd century. The following pages contain **EMBARRASSING FACTS** about my personal life I don't want revealed until long after I'm dead so **PLEASE**, if you're still reading **STOP NOW**. This is...

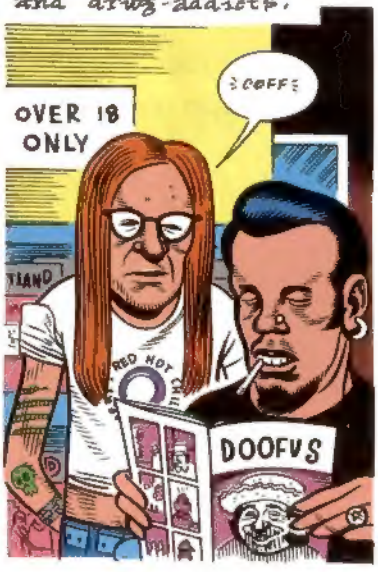
DO NOT READ UNTIL JANUARY 2293 A.D.

A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE

Clowes 1993 A.D.



An underground cartoonist is someone who creates pictographic scenarios, often wholly fictional, for the amusement of a small audience of marginal fringe-dwellers and drug-addicts.

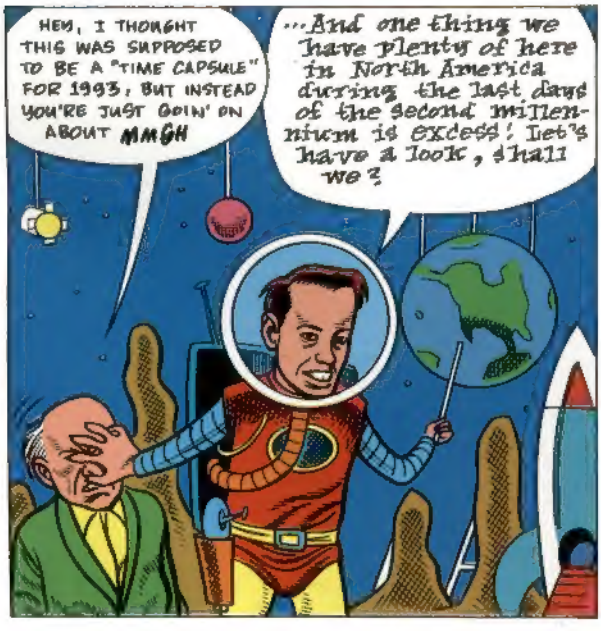


Sometimes I'll wake up from a nap and in a moment of cosmic revelation I'll be struck by how truly strange and ludicrous this is.

It's not until I begin to ponder the **GRIM ALTERNATIVES** that I become comfortable with my own questionable existence. 95%* of all jobs are in the realm of pointless **PAPER-SHUFFLING** and **WAGE-SLAVERY** ...Beyond that, what's left?

In a general sense, the only lifestyle I would endorse is a kind of 'responsible' hedonism in which the pleasures of this life are experienced fully and often. This would apply only to me and my friends -- we need other people to pave roads and deliver pizzas...

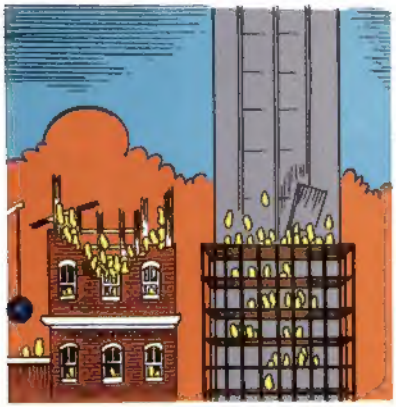
But seriously, if orgies are your "bag" **GO GIT'EM!** My personal form of hedonistic self-indulgence is to draw cartoons making fun of your excessive behavior!

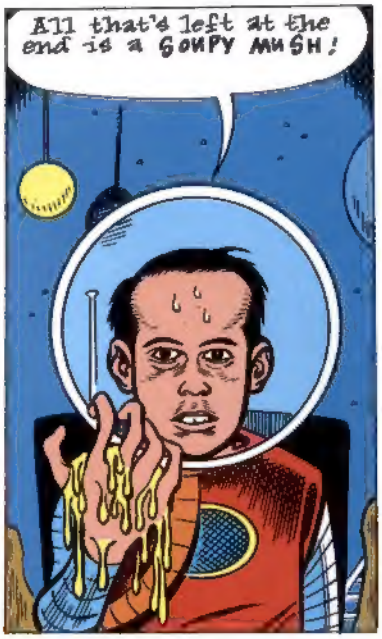


For one thing, you'll notice that there are **TOO MANY PEOPLE**. The place is **LOUSY** with 'em... Everywhere, **PEOPLE**.

-cont'd from inside-

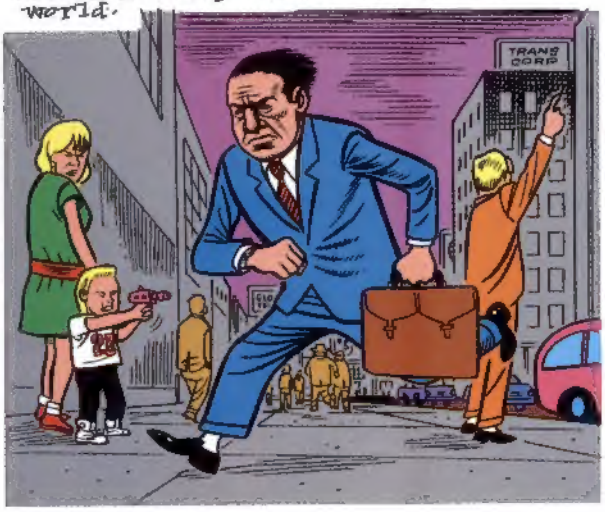
And they're always BUSY! Changing things, building things, tearing down old things and replacing them with newer, cheaper, simpler things... If you detach yourself from it enough, the city begins to look like one of those sped-up films of maggots devouring a squirrel.



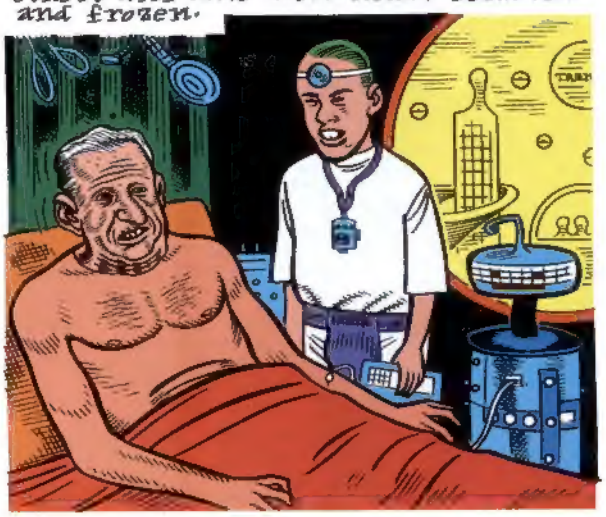


Things change too quickly and for no reason. Everyone is overstimulated. It's especially clear in the faces of children.

The way things are set-up, their wants can never be satisfied. They spend their days keeping busy, hoping for something less chaotic in the next world.

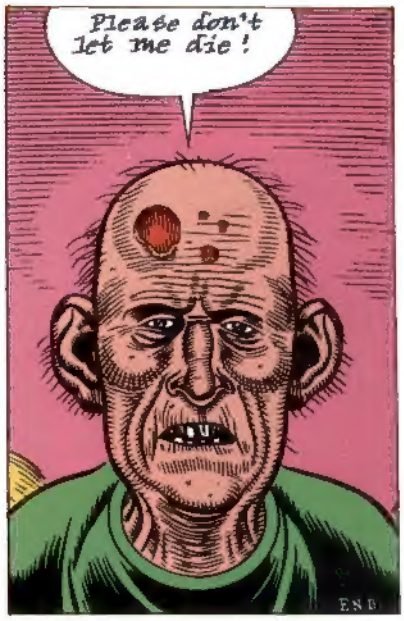


Many will live and die in the next 300 years. Some will spend their lives praying for eternal salvation. Others will have their heads removed and frozen.



Still others will reproduce and force their annoying peculiarities on the next generation... I have devised my own humble bid for eternity, a scheme in which YOU play a part, dear reader...

As long as one good citizen of the world of the future makes some attempt to read these words, I am saved.



YOU DOWN WITH DCP?